

## ABOUT TENPINS.

The Fat Man Was Blinded, But Recovered on the Count.

"I used to roll a pretty fair game of ten-pins," said the little man, according to the Buffalo Express.

"I can beat you," put in the fat man, suddenly.

"Oh, I dunno," said the little man.

"I'll roll you on any alley you say and any time I can beat you," insisted the fat man.

There was a lot more conversation of this kind, and finally the little man got mad. He pulled out a roll of bills and

beated off a twenty. "I'll bet you \$20," he said, hotly, "that you can't beat me. I'll bet you \$20 that I will beat you seven out of ten games to-morrow afternoon."

The fat man grew cautious. "What's the highest you ever rolled?" he asked. Then he said, proudly: "I made 235 once."

"Why, my dear boy," said the little man, "I see that you are an amateur. I rolled ten games the other afternoon and averaged 364."

The fat man's eyes bulged out. "I don't believe it. There isn't a man in Buffalo who can do it!"

"I'll bet you \$20 to \$25 that I can average more than 235 for twenty games to-morrow afternoon," said the little man, producing his roll of bills again. "I'll bet you \$20 or I'll bet you \$100. It doesn't matter what I can do. Why, I made 235 and better three games handrumping a week ago."

"I didn't know I was up against a shark," said the fat man, feebly. "I can't do any such rolling as that."

"Then don't go to making cracks at me," said the little man, waving his roll of money around to the great discomfort of the onlookers. "I am a star bowler. You said you could beat me. Now make good your claim or close your face."

But that rolling is wonderful. I never heard of anything like it. And the fat man wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Huh!" said the little man, "that ain't a marker to what I have done. Why, one day when I was in good condition I rolled 364."

"What's that?" asked the fat man, sharply. "I rolled 336 on White's alleys in New York."

The fat man rose slowly from his seat and looked at his friends. "Here," he said, "somebody kick me around the room a few times."

"What's the matter?" asked the little man. "Matter?" and there was a world of disgust in the fat man's voice. "Matter?"

Why, I've been sitting here like a chuckle-headed chump and letting you beat me about bowling, a game I've played since I was a boy—letting you beat me, when you, you dogged old idiot, don't know enough about the game to know that 300 is the highest possible score!"

THE JOVIAL PRESS AGENT.

Why He Passed Two Dirty Gammas Into the Box Seats.

The press agent was a little tight, and as was his wont when in this delightful condition he was feeling as skittish as a little lamb before it is served with green peas, says the Chicago Dispatch.

He had played his favorite system, and, strange to say, had won. He was dressed in the height of fashion and everybody smiled as they passed. People do differently when they pass drunk folk. Sometimes they look sorry—that is, when the reveller is old and gray and poor. Sometimes they scowl angrily—that is, when the reveller is fierce and shaggy and hostile. Sometimes they smile, and that is when the reveller is prosperous and jolly and young. The smile may evolve to sorrow or anger, but that is only after years have developed the case. But everybody smiled at the press agent and he smiled back and occasionally gave a happy yell and then broke out with some snatch of an operatic refrain.

He drifted into newspaper alley in some inexpressible way, and there came upon some strident urethral shouting crans. He had no mentor with him, and so did as he pleased. He pleased to shout crans,

## CATS AND HENS.

A Story in Which They Figure Under Unusual Circumstances.

A frost-bitten cat skulking along the curb gave the cue to the lawyer, says the Chicago Record.

"That cat," he said, "reminds me of two extraordinary felines which live in Havenswood. Those two animals are the lords of the village. A stranger is not long within the gates before the subject of the cats is introduced."

"Their owner is something of a chicken fancier and has raised in an amateurish way some very fine poultry. A year or so ago, however, he disposed in one way or another of all his chickens save two favorite hens."

"One day two little kittens wandered into the chicken coop, and without any ceremony climbed to the roost where the hens were. The hens made no objection to the intrusion, and the kittens crouched down beside them. That was the beginning of one of the most extraordinary attachments that ever came within my observation."

"Each kitten selected a hen for its familiar, and followed its particular gravel-scraper everywhere. When the hens were feeding the kittens gambolled about them, purred and curled their tails, made playful dabs at them with their paws, and at night roosted beside them in the chicken house."

"The kittens are good-sized cats to-day, but their devotion to their feathered friends is stronger than ever. These hens cannot move without their four-legged shadows, and the strangest phase of this attachment is that it seems to be a case of unrequited love. The hens peck at their young with every indication of anger and dislike, but the cats spring out of the way, and when the Plymouth Rocks have cooled down come back again. It's a queer case of unnatural affection."

The architect intimated that some day the cats might overcome that natural repugnance by swallowing the hens, and then said:

"That reminds me. I use a small room in the back of my house as a working den, and the window look out upon the very modern henhouse of my neighbor. She caught the chicken-raising fever at the World's Fair and built her henhouse after the most approved model."

"Soon after it was completed she stocked it with choice Cochins, Chinas, Pymouths, Leghorns, Santams and common barnyard fowls. The latter, she explained, were to be fattened for the table."

"She has a charming niece who teaches Delsarte, voice culture and elocution in one of the stylish private schools. One day last month the ordinary brand of chickens was taking a regulation airing in the back yard and ran foul of a bucket of dry bran that had been left near the kitchen door."

"In an hour those chickens, with desecrated crops, lay gasping for breath on the grass. I was at work, but an unusual commotion brought me to the window. The cock, aunt and niece were huddled around trying to save the chickens, but the bran was too much for them."

"I have it," cried the niece, and she darted into the house, returning in a few moments with a pair of scissors and some needles and thread. She bade her aunt hold one of the suffering chickens by the legs, head down. Then the feathers above the breast were parted and the scissors snipped a gash. The cock brought a spoon, the bran was taken out and then the niece sewed the chicken up again. It was placed upon the ground and in a few moments it staggered to its feet and roared around the yard."

"Delighted with her success as a hen doctor, the niece striped open every blessed chicken, scooped out the bran and sewed them up with a chain stitch. Satisfied that all was right the women went into the house, but inside of an hour those chickens were on their backs, their feet in the air, dead as a South Water street brudder."

A Worthy Member.

From Texas Siftings.

Glimpses—Yes, they put up a mean job on me. I happened to tell a member of the Club that they were a lot of duffers, and what did they do but elect me a member by acclamation."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The Woman Was Willing to Patronize the Drummer.

A travelling salesman for a Detroit drug house was standing on the steps of a little notion store kept by a colored woman in a town in Arkansas, says the Detroit Free Press, when she came out and queried:

"Was yo' a stranger around here, sah?"

"I represent this house," replied the drummer, as he handed out a card.

"See. Does yo' own de bizness yo' sah?"

"Oh, no."

"Was yo' de senior pawdner?"

"No."

"He junior?"

"Was yo' backin' de concern wid yo' capital?"

"No."

"List sent out to take orders?"

"That's all. Perhaps I can take an order from you."

"Wall, sah, if dat house has dun sent yo' clean down yere to get an order from me, I ain't gwine ter be mean about it. Put me down for two huns'ert of pepper-mint essence and drop in yere at de end of sixty days fur yo' money."

## A PRETTY CLOSE CALL.

He Bested the Varmint, but in Doing So Only Just Won.

One of the wild animals which infests the north part of the county, especially the region of the Lobolly swamp, has made its appearance again, and in a most startling way, says a Portland, Ind., despatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A travelling salesman had a hair-breath escape, and saved his life only by the liberal use of a trusty revolver, assisted by his horse's kicks.

Frank Neubert, a salesman for a New York house, had driven from Briant over to Pennville to call on a customer. He saw his man and was on his way back, and within a few miles of his destination, just about dusk, when one of the most blood-curdling screams or yells that ever fell upon mortal ear rent the frosty air. It was followed by another and then a whole series, each one seemingly more fearful than the others.

The thoroughly-seated drummer did not know what to do, as he had never heard anything of the kind before. His horse stood motionless, trembling in every limb, with ears pointed back and eyes wide open, staring at the sound.

The sounds came nearer, and a sharp crackling in the underbrush at the roadside showed that the danger was at hand. Suddenly a giant form sprang over the fence and leaped into the road. For a second it stood glaring and growling, with its great yellow eyes glowing with hate. It then rushed to the attack and the horse, which had dropped back on its haunches, jumped to one side.

The drummer missed his intended footing, but clung tenaciously to the dashboard of his single tree, struggling for a better foothold.

Neubert, in the mean time, had not been idle, but fired shot after shot at the bounding beast, and his horse, driven to desperation, thumped its sides with its hoofs, rushed to the attack and quickly made its escape and disappeared in the growing darkness. Neubert had not received the least injury in the encounter, and the horse only received two or three scarcely noticeable scratches.

The hero of this encounter was here, and that he was a rank counterfeiter, was with the one expression, "Well, I'll be turned on his heel and went out on the street. Every last one of the silver dollars he had worked so hard to earn was counterfeited, and within a short time thereafter his honest client was sent to prison for five years for making and circulating crooked money."

ONE CONSOLATION.

The Woman Cheered Up the Traveler by Picturing the Road.

One evening, just about dark, I rode up to a cabin in the Tennessee mountains and asked to stay all night, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

Corbett was and sat down near the champion. "How is you, Jim? Glad to see you. I'm a sorter billy in my diggin's an' knows what it is to make 'em stand off."

The champion took a hot Irish potato from a dish, grasped the hand of the youth, giving the potato and the youth's hand an iron grip, and said: "Well, how are you? I am awfully glad to see you."

The youth roared with pain and made his exit amid the laughter of all the guests.

A SHREWD LAWYER.

He Was Not Above Telling Stories When He Saw a Possible Profit.

"My prospects?" said the young lawyer with animation, after he had greeted the business man, according to the Chicago Post, why, sir, they were never so good as they are now. I have been retained in the McWilliams will case, and there is certainly \$20 in that. Then I have been asked to act as junior counsel in the Intercontinental Railway suit, and I received a retainer to-day to take a libel suit against the Weekly Whop, and I have some bills out that I ought to get remittances on in a week or two. Yes, sir, things are booming."

A Fatal Objection.

From Judge.

"I can't understand why you engaged yourself to Arthur Hally, who possesses neither good looks nor fortune, when you had your pick of half a dozen rich and handsome fellows."

"The others made me tired, Laura. Arthur was the only one who didn't beat me to the fair."

Almost Native.

From Halls.

Englishman—I am surprised to learn that you are an American. Surely, you are not a native of the United States, are you?"

McWilliams (apologetically)—Well, I—er—that is—I was born here, you know."

## THE LAWYER WAS DISGUSTED.

The Counterfeiter He Had Saved Paid Him to Buy Money.

Several years ago, when Judge Francis J. Reinhard, the well-known German lawyer of this city, was a young but enthusiastic attorney practicing at Crown Point, he was called in to defend a man charged with circulating counterfeit money, says the Indianapolis Sentinel.

He talked with the accused several times in jail and became impressed with the idea that the man was honest, and was literally being outraged by the authorities. Mr. Reinhard entered into the case with characteristic earnestness and prepared himself thoroughly to make the defense. When the case came to preliminary hearing the lawyer made a terrific fight and secured the discharge of his client.

Outside the courtroom, after the trial, the counterfeiter, Lawyer Reinhard, and feeling him into an alley out of sight of the crowd, paid him his fee with ten silver dollars. They, with tears in his eyes, he thanked the lawyer and went his way.

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## JUDICIAL DIGNITY.

His Honor Sat Down on a Snide Lawyer in a Comprehensive Way.

They tell a good story about a Judge who he well known in Buffalo, even if he does not hold court there, says the Buffalo Express.

Some time ago a man, who is a snide lawyer, came before him to make a motion. This man lived in one of the suburban towns, and he was not particularly scrupulous, as regards his personal appearance. Indeed, on the morning on which he came into court to make his motion, he was dressed in a dirty coat, a vest that was covered with stains from soup, (sausage and other like droppings), and his hands were unclean and his shoes covered with mud.

He waited until he had an opportunity to address the Judge, and then made his motion. It was merely a perfunctory sort of an affair, to open up a case or something of the kind, and not one in a thousand is refused by any Judge. Everybody in the courtroom was, therefore, greatly surprised when the Judge thoughtered out: "Denied!"

The man himself was completely taken aback. He rose to his feet and stammered and stuttered and finally said: "Your Honor, I hope you have not mistaken the import of this motion. It is a more formal affair, I fail to see on what you base your decision."

"Denied," roared the Judge again.

"But, Your Honor," the lawyer went on, "I think you must be laboring under a misapprehension. This is of no importance. There isn't a soul on earth who isn't willing the motion should be granted."

"I denied, I tell you," said the Judge again.

"Will Your Honor kindly state the grounds on which the denial is made?"

The Judge straightened up in his chair, took off his eye-glasses and looked severely at the lawyer. He extended his hand and pointed one of his long fingers at him. "The motion is denied for two reasons," he said, impressively. "First, you are not a regular member of the bar and not entitled to practice in a court of record; second, you need a bath."

CORBETT'S PLEASANT WAY.

He Gives a Hearty and Warm Handshake to a Georgin Billy.

Champion James Corbett and party spent five hours in Waycross this morning and left for Jacksonville on train No. 35, says the Atlanta Constitution. Corbett remained in his room until train time.

An unphilosophical youth from the backwoods went to the door of the dining-room, where Champion James J. Corbett was eating breakfast this morning, and said: "What'll it cost to see Corbett?"

The head waiter told him that it would cost nothing. The youth walked boldly up to the table where Corbett was and set down near the champion. "How is you, Jim? Glad to see you. I'm a sorter billy in my diggin's an' knows what it is to make 'em stand off."

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## STUCK TO HIS DOG.

Tramp Sleeps in the Street Somewhere Than Leave His Pet.

"Scab and me wants a place to sleep," an ill-clad, half-starved looking fellow stepped up to the desk at the Hyde Park Police Station last night and addressed Desk Sergeant Ed Perry. A bob-tailed dog followed at his heels, says the Chicago Journal.

"All right," said the Sergeant, "get downstairs, quick."

The face of the wayfarer brightened. "My name's Dick Dunn," he said, "and I'm on a tramp from Laporte to Onkeshaw. I'm dead broke, and it's mighty good in you in giving us a place to sleep."

As he spoke he stooped down and picked up the bob-tailed dog. At the same moment the Sergeant caught sight of the cur.

"What are you going to do with that dog?" he asked.

"Well, Scab needs a night's shelter just as much as I do."

"We can't house dogs," said the Sergeant, decidedly. "You can stay, but you'll have to throw the cur out."

The face of the tramp was a study. "Why, say, Can," he said, "Scab's been my friend for five years, and he walks all the way from Laporte to me. You now, would you?"

"I'm sorry," responded the Sergeant, "but we can't have any dogs in the station."

Dunn looked down at the dog and gently patted its head.

"It's a cold night, Scab," he said, "a mighty cold night, but where I go you go. No, and if the police won't have you in the station they won't have me either. We'll walk the streets all night."

The dog seemed to comprehend and gave a low bark, and without another word the man and the cur went out. Efforts to get shelter for himself and the dog at other stations failed and they spent the night in the streets.

HANDLING THE TRAMPS.

How They Discourage the Vagabond Itinerant in Tacoma.

The hordes of tramps who now afflict the land like the locusts of Egypt, are seriously puzzling municipal authorities everywhere, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The jail has no terrors for the tramp—in fact, he rather prefers it in winter to the box car, in the jail he is kept warm, is fed and has nothing to do. We commend to these puzzled municipal officers the plan adopted by the authorities of Tacoma.

In that city there has been built in the jail a species of cell which might be called the "Tacoma torture-chamber for tramps." It is about eight feet high and three feet square. Around the ceiling, the walls and the floor there runs a perforated one-inch pipe. The tramp is made to disrobe, given soap and a brush and induced to enter the torture-chamber.

Then the water is turned on full head. The awful shrieks and yells which emerge from the torture-chamber are said to strike terror to the soul of the stoutest tramp. When the victim has been released, he stumbles out from Tacoma, bearing his tale of horror to unnumbered tramps. The result has been a marked falling off of tramp travel in that locality. The people of Tacoma have discovered how to get rid of the tramp. They wash him.

Just the Thing.

From Puck.

Stage Manager—Madame Highness's cold has got her nose so red that it's out of Italian art. It's too bad—she was out of Italian art. I wish I could get her nose out of Italian art. What's the matter with her nose? It's a German folk-song."

Always Hit It.

From Puck.

Bloomer—This barometer of mine is the most accurate instrument of its kind I ever saw.

Swatts—Indeed.

Bloomer—Yes, it is always pointing to "Change."

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